

point of indignation only, he was likely to rise to the highest flights of oratory. He will undoubtedly be remembered as one of the most forceful and plausible orators ever in congress.

THE DEFENSE OF LORIMER

Another occasion which called upon Senator Bailey's utmost powers was the effort in the last congress to unseat Senator William Lorimer of Illinois, on the ground that corrupt practices have been used to elect him. It happened that the man most suspected of having furnished the alleged fund to elect Senator Lorimer was a man high in the councils of the lumbering industry of the country. As already indicated, Texas has large lumber interests, and Senator Bailey was one of those who voted for a high duty on lumber. So, likewise, it happened in the Lorimer case that nearly all those democrats who voted for the retention of Senator Lorimer in the senate were senators who had large lumbering interests in their states or who were immediate followers of Senator Bailey himself. But Senator Bailey made no such explanation to the senate—far from it. He took the ground in that case that a senatorial investigating committee was a court of law and that only legal evidence might be offered before it, and that, in the case at bar, no legal evidence had been produced to warrant removing Senator Lorimer from his seat. He would make no allowances for large public policy, take no heed of the fact that the work of the investigating committee was crudely incomplete, almost culpably so, and he flouted public opinion to the four winds. In the end, Bailey held Lorimer's seat for him by a vote of 46 to 40. Today, in response to public opinion, another senatorial committee is reinvestigating the Lorimer election. That was the high tide of Bailey's triumph. Since then his following has slowly but surely disintegrated, notwithstanding the thunders of Bailey for a reinvestigation, coupled with a threat that, if he had been deceived in the first instance, he would wreak a dire vengeance in the second.

PAVING THE WAY FOR RETIREMENT

There can be no doubt that Bailey has been paving the way for his retirement from congress for some time past. His method has always been by the resignation route, and his career in that line has been that of a stormy petrel. In 1896 he resigned from his candidacy for re-election to the house as a repudiation of William J. Bryan and Bryan's free-silver platform. However, he was renominated and "vindicated." In 1908, he resigned as minority leader of the house of representatives, after a repudiation of his attack on Gen. Joseph Wheeler. Last March he resigned from the senate, because he disagreed with his party on the initiative, referendum, and recall; but he was persuaded to recall the resignation. In the last congress he resigned from the senate committee on privileges and elections, because the new Lorimer investigating committee did not follow the procedure of the courts in admitting evidence; and still more recently he resigned from the monetary commission because he resented the demand of congress that that body should make a report on a specified date. Now he has announced that he will not be a candidate to succeed himself. As an extra touch, he has sold his stable of blooded horses for nearly \$50,000. He is out of touch and out of gear with his party and his colleagues in the senate. Those republicans—Aldrich, Hale, Frye, Burrows, Kean, Depew, and others—with whom he worked admirably in non-partisan harness, are gone. In their stead has come an almost continuous stream of "progressive" democrats.



The Women—Bless 'Em!

A friend of the Architect who lives at Catherine Lake, N. C., is trying to create trouble for us. But we refuse to be led into it. This friend, Mr. H. D. M., writes:

"Will you please write a description of a woman's meeting in your department of The Commoner. I am a member of the W. C. B. M., or Women's Christian Board of Missions. I am seventy-one years old and somewhat nervous. They do not allow the male members to talk, but they (the women) all talk at once; none rise to speak, and they don't know what they have done when they are through."

Does H. D. M.—think I was born just seven years ago, that I would foolishly undertake to write a description of the kind of meeting he has in mind? Not much! The W. C. B. M. meets at my house once in a while, having to live with one of the members thereof I'm not going to take any chances. But I'll go far enough to remark that the W. C. B. M. meetings held when I was a boy. They call 'em "kensingtons" now, and the good women come with fancy work. Thirty-eight or forty years ago they almost invariably made a quilt. The home without a quilting frame was as scarce as the modern home without a sewing machine. If they didn't meet to quilt they brought along their knitting-needles and their yarn and put in the time knitting woolen socks or long scarfs, or wristlets. They didn't waste any time on dollies and do-dads that always get into a fellow's way when he's trying to recline comfortably or saw a slice off the roast. Forty years ago the woman who put in her time at a board meeting making any such do-dad as they make now would have been set down as frivolous. What's the real use of one of those scalloped, hem-stitched, thread-pulled, sewed-up dinguses called a dolly. A fellow can't keep his feet warm and dry with one of 'em, and they won't do him a bit of good if wrapped around his neck, and they look outlandish on a fellow if he wore 'em to keep his ears warm.

My, but how the quilters in the old days would make their needles fly. I'm not saying a word about their tongues. But if some short-hand reporter had been on the spot he could have secured a biographical history of everybody in the community.

Usually the good women of the board would begin gathering about 2 o'clock at the home of the hostess, who had the quilting frame up and the blocks all tacked together ready for the quilters. I wish I could remember all the different kinds of patterns of quilts I've seen quilted by the good women. There was the "log cabin," and the "nine patch," and the "shuttle," and the "Kansas trouble," and the "broken platter," and the—but I can't call to mind any more. The "crazy quilt" fad didn't come in until years later. The Little Woman has a "log cabin" quilt that was made at the home of the Architect's mother more than forty years ago, and it's a mighty good quilt yet. I'd like to see one of those newfangled dinguses they make at their "kensingtons" last that long.

Of course the men folks were allowed to be members of the board in those days, but they didn't attend the meetings. They just came around

about supper time. Trust a man to get around for the cats! I am not prepared to say just why the men folks are not allowed to talk at the board meetings of today, but in the times I write about they probably were squelched for the reason that if they had been allowed to talk all they would have talked about would have been the Grant and Colfax or Seymour and Blair, or why the premium on gold was so high, or why McClellan failed to get a move on, or something or other like that. What woman of that day cared to listen to such stuff! The men might like to recall the war, but that was because they had seen the excitement of it; the woman who had remained at home and suffered in silence—well, they weren't quite ready to indulge in any memories.

It took about two hours, usually, to exhaust the neighborhood news, then the quilters began on recipes. I'd like to have a cellar full of the good things that those quilters exchanged recipes for at one of those board meetings! About 6:30 the men folks came drifting in—for that was about supper time. And such suppers!

But why dwell on the supper? We couldn't enjoy such a one now for the simple reason that our palates have been jaded by canned stuff, hot seasoning and new-fangled sauces.

After supper the men would smoke and talk politics, while the women helped the hostess clean up the dishes and "rid up" the house. And about 8:30 would see the company dispersing. No late hours for them. When all the company was gone the hostess was the possessor of a quilt such as you don't find on sale at the department stores these days.

This is the old-time board meeting H. D. M.—had in mind and wanted me to write about. Believe me, I'm too old to be caught in any such trap as that. I know nothing about such board meetings as he evidently has in mind, for I never attended one. It makes me as nervous as he says he is to see a woman putting away on one of those new-fangled dinguses to hang on the back of a chair to catch our collar buttons, or throw across the corner of the piano to catch on a suspender button and pull an assortment of mounted photos and vases and dingbats off the aforesaid musical instrument, or clutter up the middle of the table right where it will catch a few drops of the gravy when we try to still the clamor of one of the kiddies, or a so-called pillow for the couch that gets us into a bushel of trouble if we happen to law our weary head thereon. It's approaching cold weather now, and I'll gladly trade an assorted lot of dollies that the Little Woman has made for one of those long, double-thickness, fringed-ended scarfs that we used to twine around our necks and up over our ears before we hiked out to work or play in the winter days of long ago.

H. D. M.—is a bit older than the Architect, but at that the Architect is old enough to know better than to jump in and pull H. D. M.—'s chestnuts out of the fire.

Brain Leaks

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